NON
SANS
DROICT

THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

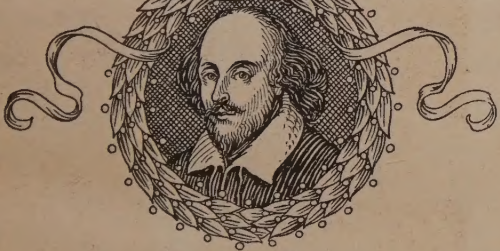
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

GEORGE ROMNEY, PINXT.

Cassandra.

SHAKESPEARE

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA



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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—This is the most difficult of all Shakspere's plays to deal with, as well for date[1] as for position. We only know that it was publisht in 1609, first without any introductory matter, and afterwards with a preface by another man, and evidently without Shakspere's consent, as his Sonnets of the same date also were. This fact seems to point to Shakspere's having left London, possibly in disgust at some neglect of him by his patrons or the public, at which he has been thought to hint in Achilles's complaints. Yet Shakspere had just produced his greatest tragedies, and no one could then have been his rival. The play is evidently written in ill-humour with mankind; it is a bitter satire. Its purpose is not to show virtue her own feature, but contemptible weakness, paltry vanity, falsehood (like scorn), their own image. The argument of it is, as Thersites says,

[1] I cannot resist the metrical argument against my first 1606-7 date for this play, and should now put it at least two years earlier, about 1604, and link it with the former lust-play, *Measure for Measure*. *Macbeth* has two weak endings and twenty-one light; *Troilus and Cressida* has none weak, and only six light. It should be rankt, like *Measure for Measure*, with the *Comedies*, on the authority of Q. 2, not with the Tragedies.

"a cuckold and a whore." And as Ascham declared that the *Morte d'Arthur* in which his contemporaries delighted, was nothing but bold bawdry, so Shakspere declares that the heroes of antiquity, the Trojan ancestors in whom the Britons gloried, the Grecian heroes in whom middle and modern England have rejoiced, were a sham; that with them love was all false, and honour but a delusion. Shakspere's treatment of Chaucer's heroine, Cressida, is, too, a shock to any lover of the early poet's work. To have the beautiful Cressida, hesitating, palpitating like the nightingale, before her sin; driven by force of hard circumstances which she could not control, into unfaithfulness to her love; to have this Cressid, whom Chaucer spared for very ruth, set before us as a mere shameless wanton, making eyes at all the men she sees, and showing her looseness in the movement of every limb, is a terrible blow. But whatever may have been Shakspere's motive in this play, we certainly have in it his least pleasing production. There is no relief to the patchery, the jugglery, and the knavery, except the generous welcome of Nestor to Hector in the Grecian camp, and his frank praise of the gallant Trojan, who, labouring for Destiny, made cruel way through ranks of Greekish youth. I lean to the theory that the Troilus and Cressid part of the play is one of Shakspere's First-Period works[1]; the long speeches, and those often rhetorical, of the Grecian leaders, make

[1] Read the Troilus-Cressida-Pandarus part all through first; then read the Grecian-camp part all through; and see whether you don't feel a contrast of power and handling that imply difference of Period. Still, there is oneness of tone through the whole play; there are touches of reflection in the love-part that I at present accept as early. I wait

one incline to think of the speeches in *John* and early plays of the Second Period. Yet there is so much practical wisdom, so much knowledge of life, in the play, such weighty reflection, that the Greek part of it must be Third Period, not Second; while the plays with which it is allied in tone and temper are *Measure for Measure*, *Timon*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. One link with *Lear* is seen in the lust of Cressid and Helen, like, tho' less than, that of Goneril and Regan. Ulysses plays on Achilles and Ajax just as Iago does on Othello, Cassio, and Roderigo. Othello's "My life upon her truth" is like Troilus's speech to Cressida in IV. iv., and Troilus's bits about the sweetness of Cressid may be compared with Othello's about Desdemona. In Hector's "Honour dearer than life" of V. iii. p. 171, we are reminded of Isabella's words in *Measure for Measure* and Brutus's in *Julius Cæsar*. While Andromache and Cassandra urging Hector not to fight on the day of his death, are like Cæsar's wife and the soothsayer, urging him not to go to the Capitol on the day of his murder. With *Hamlet*, too, we have slight links. Achilles's "here is Ulysses: I'll interrupt his reading. What are you reading?" reminds us of Polonius and Hamlet; and Troilus's "Words, words, mere words" of Cressid's letter, re-echo Hamlet's. We have, too, the "fan and wind of your fierce sword" to compare with the Player's speech. With *Romeo and Juliet* we have the link of the lovers waking after

and hope for further light on the play. Professor Dowden puts it next to *Measure for Measure*, as one of the "Comedies of Disillusion." See his *Primer*. The dramatic time of the play is four days, with an interval for the Truce between sc. ii. and iii. of Act I.: Daniel, in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 183.

their night together, and both are waked by the lark. Also Troilus's words, "Oh! that her hand in whose comparison all whites are ink," match Romeo's "White wonder of dear Juliet's hand." With *The Merchant* we get Troilus's comparison of himself, a merchant sailing to fetch his pearl from her Indian bed, as Bassanio and many Jasons came in quest of Portia to Belmont strand. Is it possible that Shakspere's envy of Chapman, his rival, with the "proud full sail of his great verse," in his Will's affection (Sonnet 86) had anything to do with Shakspere's deliberate debasing of the heroes of that Homer whom Chapman englisht? It is certain that when he dealt with the same subject in his fine description of the painting of the siege of Troy in *The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1366-1568, his tone is far different from what it is in his play.[1] There is no mention there of Cressid; the only wanton notist and condemnd is Helen, "the strumpet that began this stir," whose beauty Lucrece wants to tear with her nails, as Hermia does Helena's in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Troilus has only three words, "here Troilus swounds." The pathetic figure of the sad shadow of Hecuba's beauty is touchingly dwelt on, as in *Hamlet*, and Shakspere, like Lucrece, "weeps feelingly Troy's painted woes." On the other side, in Ajax's eyes are only "blunt rage and rigour" (l. 1398), while "the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent, Show'd deep regard and smiling government" (l. 1399). Grave Nestor, with his sober action, and wagging beard, all silver white, calms the quarrels

[1] So, too, in *The Merchant*, V. i. p. 131.

of his Greeks, with golden words. And "for Achilles' image stood his spear, Griped in an armèd hand; himself, behind, Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind." Here is the gallant warrior, not the selfish coward of the play. The reader should set poem and play together; and consider too whether the treatment given to the subject in the poem doesn't make against the opinion I have hitherto given-in to, of the Troilus-Cressid part of the play being of the early Passion-time group, 1591–4. The play needs a deal more work than has yet been given to it, so far at least as print shows. Troilus is no doubt a young fool in his first love for Cressid, yet note his admiration of Helen's beauty, and his superb metaphors in expressing it. She—

> "Whose youth and freshness
> Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning."
> . . . . . "She is a pearl,
> Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
> And turned crowned kings to merchants."—II. ii. p. 74.

In the latter of these, Shakspere but quotes his dead shepherd Marlowe's magnificent apostrophe to Helen, as before, his "love at first sight" in *As You Like It*, and as in speaking of Cressid's hand, to "whose soft seizure the cygnet's down is harsh," he no doubt again quotes Marlowe's likening Margaret to the "downy cygnets" in 1 *Henry VI.* But that Troilus deserves Ulysses's most favourable opinion of him, as given in his answer to Agamemnon, is evident. Troilus takes the lead, and his opinion prevails in the council in Act II. as to whether Helen shall be given up. He is the Trojans' "second hope;" and it would seem

that he's cured at last of his fondness for Cressid, for he calls on the traitor Diomede to turn and fight for his horse and not for his love. Hector, noble figure though he is, is yet made to prefer a school-boy notion of honour to the earlier wisdom and patriotism of the man. Achilles is turned into at once a snob and a coward; he will not fight Hector single-handed, but waits till he can set his myrmidons on him; his patriotism he sets under his lust, or love, as he calls it; he will not fight his country's enemies, "honour, or go or stay." He is shown as a mean, big, lubberly, peevish boy, even more contemptible than the vain, bragging fool Ajax. Notwithstanding the gleam of generosity on Nestor's figure, and his pluck in being willing to fight Hector if nobody else will; notwithstanding the fine figure of Agamemnon, great commander, marrow and bone of Greece, and the crafty, wise Ulysses, guiding all the threads of the play, one turns without regret from this repulsive picture of the Trojan and Grecian war. (The spurious parts of the play are lines II. ii. 163–7 (p. 77) —"Paris . . . . philosophy, &c.," and all after V. iii. 28 (p. 175)—"more precious-dear than life.")

For a spirited and ingenious defence of the play see Mr. Watkiss Lloyd's *Critical Essays*, p. 217.

Troilus and Cressida was enterd in the Stationers' Registers on January 28, 1608–9:—

"Richard Bonion Henry Walleys Entred for their Copy vnder th[e h]andes of Master Segar, deputy to Sir George Bucke, and master warden Lownes, a booke called *the history of Troylus and Cressida* . . . vj^d^."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 400.

It was publisht in 1609 by Bonion and Walley, first with a title not mentioning the play's having been acted, and with a preface: "Eternal reader, you have here a new play never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical," &c.; next with a title "The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe," and without the preface. The play must therefore have been first acted in 1609, between the issues of the 1st and 2nd titles. The preface-writer called the play a comedy: "this author's comedies . . . are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. . . Amongst all, there is none more witty than this . . . refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude: but thank fortune for the scape it hath had amongst you, since, by the grand possessors [Burbage's company's] wills, I believe you should have prayed for them [*read* it], rather than been prayed." The Folio text seems to be printed from a corrected and alterd copy of the Quarto one (?). The source of Shakspere's play may have been the old play of the same name by Dekker and Chettle, in earnest of which the manager Henslowe lent £3 on April 7, 1599, and in part payment, 30*s.* on April 16, and "in full paymente of the Boocke called the tragedie of Troylles and creseda—Agamemnone" being inter-

lined over the name—£3 5*s.* on May 30, 1599 (Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 148, 149, 153). This old play *may* be that entered in the Stat. Reg. on Febr. 7, 1602–3, "master Robertes. Entred for his copie in full Court holden this day, to print when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt, *The booke of Troilus and Cresseda* as yt is acted by my lord Chamberlens Men . . . vj^{d}." (Arber's *Transcript* iii. 226); but it is not likely, as the Lord Chamberlain's (or Burbage's, or Shakspere's) Company was a rival to that of Henslowe, who "Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 30 of Jenewary 1598, to descarge Thomas Dickers [Dekker] frome the areaste of my lord Chamberlens men. I saye, lent, iij$^{li.}$ x^{s}" (*Diary*, p. 143). If not, the 1603 play may have been a first sketch of Shakspere's play. As Dyce says (*Shaksp.*, vi. 2), it is unquestionable that parts of the play as we have it, "particularly towards the end, are from the pen of a very inferior dramatist":—see specially Ulysses's speech in V. v. 30–42, Hector's in V. vi., all V. vii. and viii. Whether they belong to Dekker and Chettle's old play (as Dyce suggests), or, as I suppose, to some botcher of Shakspere,—for he'd hardly have left such patches on his own work,—every reader can judge for himself. If Shakspere did not use an old play, he would no doubt take his Troylus-Cressid-Pandarus story from Chaucer's beautiful poem, and his Greek and Trojan war story from Chapman's Homer, Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, from Raoul le Fevre (of the revised edition of which, with "the English much amended by William Fison," a 2nd edition had been publisht in 1607), or Lydgate's

Hystorye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye, 1513, 1555, from Guido delle Colonne. Thos. Paynell englisht Dares Phrygius's *Destruction of Troye* in 1553, and Robert Wyer translated Christine de Pise's *Hundred Hystories of Troye* about 1540. The Middle-Age poets all considered Homer a liar, and Dares a trustworthy historian, who had himself been at the Trojan War. See the amusing abuse of Homer in the Prologue to the alliterative *Destruction of Troy* (from Guido delle Colonne), publisht by the Early English Text Society.

Munro adds: "*Troilus and Cressida* was one of the best known and most admired romances of the later middle ages. Classical as it is in its associations, it is not of classical origin, and throughout the whole course of its development, from its inception in the twelfth century to its maturity in the seventeenth as Shakspere's play, it never loses the unmistakable evidences that it is an offspring of medieval times. Few stories are so simple in structure: you have two lovers set in a world unfavourable to their passion, their go-between, and a fourth personage in the new lover who wins the heroine from the old. This, with various minor differences, has been one of the eternal themes of mankind, set in various backgrounds, and productive of different conclusions, but, in its essential elements, so common a feature in ordinary human experience, that it is not strange to find it springing up in different forms in different places, and achieving popularity. Few stories have been subjected to such development and expansion as *Troilus*, probably because few have been associated with so many of the masters of literature.

"The romance has its origin in the *Roman de Troie* of Benoît de Ste. Maure, a long poem, written in old French about 1160. Benoît's sources for his history were the two medieval Latin pieces of Dares and Dictys, the latter from a Greek original of which a fragment has been lately discovered at Tebtunis, and the former purporting to be the account made by a Phrygian during the siege of Troy. Neither of Benoît's sources contains a reference to the history of Troilus and Cressida. Benoît himself invented the episode of their love, perhaps from analogy with the love-affair of Achilles and Polyxena, which Benoît describes, and from which Boccaccio borrows.[1] Guido delle Colonne turnd Benoît's account into Latin in his *Historia* in 1287. Guido's version attaind great fame, but does not compare favorably with Benoît's. Ten Brink says of it: 'It is the work of a distorted brain, of limited and confused learning, and full of fantastic crotchets; this strange book reproduced Benoît's poem, but lost in charm as much as it gained in common intelligibility and authority."[2] From these two sources Boccaccio framed his *Filostrato;* but he drew as well in its composition from his own *Filocolo,* commenced some years beforehand, and containing his version of the medieval *Floris and Blanchefleur.*[3] The most conspicuous addition made by Boccaccio to the story was undoubtedly Pandarus, cousin to Griseida (our

[1] Lately shown by Young in his *Origin and Development of the Story of Troilus and Criseyde,* Chaucer Socy., 1908, p. 36. To Young's able book students should refer for information on these points.
[2] English edition, *English Literature* ii., p. 88.
[3] Young, p. 32, seq.

Cressida and originally Briseida), who becomes a widow. Boccaccio wove into the story part of his own love-affairs with his beautiful Fiammetta whom he had met at the court of Queen Giovanna. From this work, principally, Chaucer made his *Troilus and Criseyde*, inventing freely as he desired, and handling his characters in an entirely different manner to Boccaccio, without materially altering the story. The martial episodes of the Trojan war are kept as severely in the background; they are only the sphere in which the romance progresses; Pandarus becomes Criseyde's uncle and assists greatly in her seduction; Criseyde herself acquires a new gentleness and artlessness, an innocence which is long proof against all the deep-thought wiles of her betraying uncle. To Chaucer,—whose worship of good women and whose jovial gentleness are manifest in all his works, who had made to himself the command,

> "The mosté partye of thy tymé spende
> In makyng of a glorious Legende
> Of goodé wymmen, maydenés and wyvés
> That weren trew in lovyng al hire lyvés;
> And telle of falsé men that hem bytraien,"—[1]

the history of Cressida, now more than ever environd in appealing temptations, moved by the sorrowing Troilus and the vicious Pandarus, and wooed by Diomed when her woman's feelings are rousd by the wounds he has receivd from Troilus, becomes the history of a beautiful woman led little by little towards infamy,—suffering, and rebelling against her evil in-

[1] *The Legende of Good Women*, Prologue 482-6.

fluences, but led inevitably on, not by her own wantonness, but thru her gentle womanhood and pity. This new conception of her character, in accordance with the noble spirit of Chaucer, necessitated increase in the power of the temptation: and accordingly the appeal of Troilus's love is strengthend, and the character of Pandarus is changed till he becomes an insidious influence towards lust disguisd under the names of pity and love. Chaucer drew also from Guido and probably from Benoît in the creation of his poem, tho' his debt to the latter can be but little.[1] In Shakspere, Chaucer's work is re-formd, and one cannot say, entirely for the better. Shakspere paints on a broader canvas; the background is more in evidence. His play is concernd as much with the fate of Hector and the intrigues of the Greek camp, as with the two lovers of Chaucer. More still, the aspect of the love-affair is completely changed. Pandarus is still Cressida's uncle; he is even more gross and despicable than his Chaucerian prototype. The doom he pronounced against himself is his, and his name has come down in history as that of pitiful and vicious go-betweens. The failings and paltriness of the greatest men are mercilessly exposed; and she to whom the lover of Chaucer looks for struggle against wrong, for the assertion of that nobility which is the possession of all true women, is transformd into a libidinous wanton, not wooed to wrong by force of overpowering circumstance, but herself wooing; one whose foot even speaks to the sagacious Ulysses of

[1] Skeat. Introduction to *Troilus*, *Clarendon Press, Chaucer*, 1900, pp. lvi.–lxii.

unworthy thoughts and impulses. With all its rhetorical sententiousness and its pithy declamation, the play is not pleasing. But it is the dark Third Period of Shakspere. The brooding twilight and darkness of *Hamlet* have past into the blacker night of *Measure for Measure*, before Shakspere finishes *Troilus;* afterwards he turns to *Othello* and *Macbeth:* all five plays give a gloomy picture of man; we are in a region of night, under a frowning heaven, and only a few bright stars shine in the darkness, Isabella, Ophelia and Horatio, Andromache, Desdemona, and the Lady Macduff.

"The love-affairs of Troilus form proportionately a small part of the play, and Shakspere had to draw from other sources for his incidents of the Trojan war. In this he probably receivd assistance from the *Troy Book* of Lydgate,[1] and may have used Caxton's translation of Lefebvre's *Receuil.*[2] It seems indisputable, too, that he would read so important a book as Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*, seven books of which (I., II., and VII.–XI.) were publisht in 1598, four years after the *Shadow of Night.* It is to Chapman that Shakspere is thought to have referrd in his Sonnet LXXXVI.: 'Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,' &c.[3] These seven books of the *Iliad* contain the classic version of many of the in-

[1] Now being edited for the Early English Text Soc., by Henry Bergen. Part I. appeared in 1907.

[2] See p. 16, and F. S. Boas—*Shakspere and his Predecessors.* The Chapter on *Troilus* is admirable.

[3] Cf. Keats:

"Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold."

cidents which Shakspere represents. There we find Hector's challenge to the Greeks inspired by Pallas and Apollo; the silence of the Greeks at its delivery; the shame of Menelaus at their cowardice, and his offer to accept the challenge himself; the reproof of Nestor; his wish that he were young again; the offer of nine Grecian chiefs to fight; the proposal to cast lots by Nestor; the selection of Ajax; a hint at his boastfulness; the combat till separation; the advice of Antenor in Troy that Helen should be returnd to Menelaus; the opposition of Paris; the taking of horses from Æneas by Diomed; the secession of Achilles from the war and Ajax's words against him.

"In Shakspere, however, these incidents are seen thru medieval spectacles, just as the history of the Æneid is seen in the French *Liure des Eneydes* and Caxton's *Eneydos*, and the Trojan war finds its place, not in the realms of classic antiquity, but in the domain of medieval chivalry. Hector may still deliver his challenge to the Greeks, but he does it to him, 'That loves his mistress more than in confession With truant vows to her own lips he loves,' like a Normanised knight in the *Morte d'Arthur*. Agamemnon's reply is: 'This shall be told our lovers.' The lists are drawn up in medieval fashion. Cressida mentions the rack, and a tapster's arithmetic; Pandarus talks of porridge, —not a Trojan dish, I believe.

"Boas, more recently, also hazards the ingenious suggestion that it may have been in order to belittle the great heroes of Chapman's work that Shakspere composed his play. We do not know; but certainly

Shakspere seems on this occasion to have gone out of his way to discredit those in whom he, as well as all other poets, must have recognised the idols of antiquity. Be this as it may, the play is infused with the Third Period spirit, and its attitude is iconoclasm,—iconoclasm towards love, towards state and the councils of the mighty, and towards hero-worship, where all these are vitiated by making the Service greater than the God, and holding the name greater than the thing.

"What is the Trojan war? The most splendid of nations, the nation which bequeathd us its inimitable art and its beautiful philosophy, which fought at Thermopylæ and conquerd at Salamis, wars for ten long years, with loss of many a man, for a wanton who is not worth one of them. Herein one sees the littleness of the long, ponderous harangues on social order and statecraft,—full of political sagacity as they may be,—of the veneration for precedent and the wisdom of old, which Ulysses, Nestor, and others give voice to. All this over the quarrel about a woman by two men, to one of whom she is a strumpet, and to the other of whom she is a traitress! The Trojans, on their side, are prepared to fight and suffer likewise that one of their number, more or less a dandy, may enjoy the fruits of the rape he committed. Tied up in this infamous brawl are all the venerable heroes of a golden age; and what should be a personal and individual affair assumes the character of a national one. The wisdom and ability of the world have stoopt to win a strumpet. Inset in this broad picture

is a smaller one of like purport. Troilus, an able soldier, makes a more or less secret alliance with a woman on whom he fastens all his love, and who proves to be as capricious and unfaithful as it is possible for her to be. All his soldierly qualities, his strong manhood, his independence, disappear before his lustful passion. Achilles is worse. A token from Polyxena, whom he loves, holds him from keeping his promise to fight. Troilus is assisted in his love-affair by Cressida's uncle, Pandarus. He hazards his life in seeking revenge on the man that his Cressida turnd to, giving his labor and his being to a cause unworthy of them. The play is full of chorus: Thersites describes the heroes for us, and comments on the general theme in his gross exaggeration; Diomed and Ulysses comment on the love-affairs. 'Lechery, lechery,' says Thersites; 'still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion.' Diomed tells Paris of himself and Menelaus:

> 'He, like a cuckold, would drink up
> The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;
> You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
> Are pleased to breed out your inheritors.'

Ulysses describes Cressida:

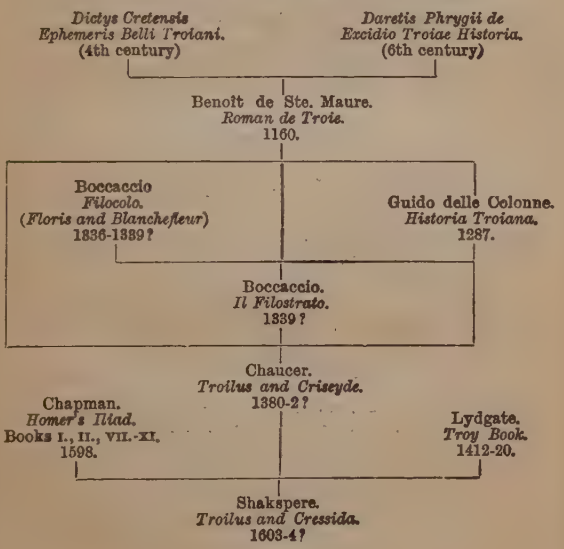
> 'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks.'

"Thersites is a sore on the face of society; but society must contain corruption for him to be so. There is rebellion in the Greek camp; factions have arisen; the wisdom of the leaders is set at nought; swaggerers, bullies, cowards and braggarts have laid down laws

for themselves. Worse still, the very cause and end of the war are concernd with human corruption. There is a wisdom, then, even in Thersites, the nature of whose criticism is not entirely out of keeping with the ideals of many of those of whom he speaks so caustically.

"The seasons represented cannot be determind from the flower- and plant-references (Ellacombe)."

DEVELOPMENT OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



A MAP

Showing the Scene of the Play

After the map in Dr. Schliemann's "Troy and its Remains."
(By kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*
HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, *his Sons.*
ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, *Trojan Commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*
MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*
MENELAUS, *his Brother.*
ACHILLES, AJAX, ULYSSES, *Grecian Commanders.*
NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, *Grecian Commanders.*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*
Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.
HELEN, *Wife of Menelaus.*
ANDROMACHE, *Wife of Hector.*
CASSANDRA, *Daughter of Priam, a Prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter of Calchas.*
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—TROY, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE

IN Troy there lies the scene. From Isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay

Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps: and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruiséd Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions; Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Thymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
A prologue arméd, not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

ACT FIRST

Scene I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace

Enter Troilus *armed, and* Pandarus

Tro. Call here my varlet, I 'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas, hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—'when she comes'!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee—when my heart,
As wedgéd with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile,
But sorrow that is couched in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more

comparison between the women;—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise her;—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drowned,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrenched. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, 'she is fair';
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse,—O, that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her;

an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be called the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returnéd home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Same. A Street

Enter Cressida *and* Alexander

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harnessed light,

And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : he hath the joints of everything ; but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use ; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time

must friend, or end : well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body !—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other 's not come to 't ; you shall tell me another tale, when the other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit, this year,—

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him ; his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece ; Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 't is, I must confess—not brown neither—

Cres. No, but brown,—

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown—

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true—

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher

than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O, yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.—

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.—

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.—

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

Cres. With millstones.—

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,—

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?—

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here 's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. 'One-and-fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.'—'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?'—'The forked one,' quoth he; 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn, 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,—sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes*

Pan. That 's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR *passes*

Cres. Who 's that?

Pan. That 's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus? —I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes*

Pan. That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There 's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there 's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there 's no jesting; there 's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one: by God's lid, it does one 's heart good. — Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—[PARIS *passes.*]—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS *passes*

Cres. Who 's that?

Pan. That 's Helenus :—I marvel, where Troilus is :—that 's Helenus :—I think he went not forth to-day :—that 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no,—yes,—he 'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, 'Troilus'?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes*

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus :—'t is Troilus! there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him :—O brave Troilus! —look well upon him, niece: look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. —Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man!

Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Warriors pass

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look;—the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well!

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date 's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' *Boy*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by-and-by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise :
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :
That She beloved knows nought that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is :
That She was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command ; ungained, beseech :
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent

Sennet. *Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmiséd shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works
And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingléd.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage,

As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and holy spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—[*to* AGAMEMNON] most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy stretched-out life,—
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,
Should with a bond of air strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless of importless burden
Divide thy lips, than we are confident
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
But for these instances:
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow on this plain so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong—
Between whose endless jar justice resides—
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,

And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdained
By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
That next, by him beneath : so, every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation :
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of this sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests ;
And with ridiculous and awkward action—

Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—'Excellent!—'t is Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.'
That 's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels;—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, 'Excellent!
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget

Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, 'O !—enough, Patroclus ;
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-willed ; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites—
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts

That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war ;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels: that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords,—in Jove's accord
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains his worth
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon, 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge :
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he 'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas ;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : but we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire sucked : he is old now ;
But if there be not in our Grecian host

One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this withered brawn ;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth, with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent ;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain ;
Be you my Time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't ?

Ulyss. This 't is :—
Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded pride,

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropped,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, it is most meet: who may you else oppose
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute

With their finest palate : and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action ; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil
As 't were from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of her virtues ; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering
part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell ; if not
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not, then, consent,

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this,
Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foiled,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: 'mong ourselves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp

Enter Ajax *and* Thersites

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?—

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Beating him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation!

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinigo may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles,—Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[AJAX *offers to strike him*, ACHILLES *interposes.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you, there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What 's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites, peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare

Maintain—I know not what: 't is trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not,—it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off.'—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular, yet

Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go;
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employed is perilous;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorbed!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this crammed reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will :
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment : how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soiled them ; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service : he touched the ports desired ;

And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went—
As you must needs, for you all cried—'Go, Go'—
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize—
As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands,
And cried—'Inestimable!'—why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep:
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touched than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels;
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project:
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:

You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransacked queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowed, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce

To the hot passion of distempered blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rendered to their owners: now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbéd wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ordered nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nation speak aloud
To have her back returned; thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I porpend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touched the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónise us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advértised, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent

Enter Thersites *solus*

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye take not that little little, less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my

prayers; and the devil Envy, say Amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where 's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES

Achil. Who 's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served

thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question:—Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this, come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is, a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX

Agam. Where's Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you

may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: but why? why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Taking* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him?

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other

But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,

We 'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war ;
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied ;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself : Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever praises

itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possessed he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdomed Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of 't
Cry—'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon! let it not be so.
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipped
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to inlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder—'Achilles, go to him.'

Nest. [*Aside.*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armèd fist I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I 'll pheese his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside.*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I 'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*Aside.*] He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An' all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*Aside.*] An' 't would, you 'd carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside.*] 'A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I will make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside.*] He 's not yet thorough warm:

force him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To* AGAMEMNON.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain
And give him half: and, for thy vigour, let
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so tempered,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow, then,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace

Enter Pandarus *and a Servant*

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—[*Music within.*] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a

complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this.—I 'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love; still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who 's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touched,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. PANDARUS' Orchard

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' *Boy, meeting*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repuréd nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.—Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! and 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's —'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably' —Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more perform-

ance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed:—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool.—I would be gone.
Where is my wit?—I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,—
As, if it can, I will presume in you,—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays:
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,—
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars;

let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers between Pandars! say, 'Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Grecian Camp

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurred a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possessed conveniences,

To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit
Out of those many registered in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have

What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answered in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 't is a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :
Please it our general to pass strangely by him
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
I will come last. 'Tis like, he 'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him ;
If so, I have derision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along :—
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What! comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me: That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travelled, and is mirrored there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause

Where they're extended; who, like an arch reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renowned. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they passed by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion;
A great sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,

And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commérce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena;
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then beware:
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.

I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour saved!

Enter THERSITES

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride, and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, an 't would out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking The man 's undone for

ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Humph?

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and Servant, with a torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches*

Paris. See ho! who is that there?
Dei. 'T is the Lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That 's my mind too.—Good-morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward.—In human gentleness,
Welcome to Troy: now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise.—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 't was to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let 's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,—
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord: we 'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak
She hath not given so many good words breath,

As, for her, Greeks and Trojans suffered death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We 'll not commend what we intend not sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Troy. A Court before the House of Pandarus

Enter Troilus *and* Cressida

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry.—
You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.—Hark! there 's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him; now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life.—

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knocked o' the head!—
Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived; I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Cressida.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what 's the matter?

Enter Æneas

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I 'll be sworn:—for mine own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware. You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him; but yet go fetch him hither: go.

Re-enter TROILUS

Tro. How now? what 's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand

The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them:—and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke 's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone!
Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst

ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor.

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to 't.—I 'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praiséd cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding 'Troilus!' I 'll not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Before Pandarus' House

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixed
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon us.—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk into her house;
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 't is to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Room in Pandarus' House

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart,*—as the goodly saying is,—

> —*O heart, heavy heart,*
> *Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the blessed gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lip
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our locked embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up he knows not how :
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famished kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord, is the lady ready ?

Tro. Hark ! you are called : some say, the Genius so
Cries 'Come !' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root !

[*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians ?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks !
When shall we see again ?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem is this ?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :
I speak not, 'be thou true,' as fearing thee ;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart;
But, 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—'be true,' again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well composed with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there 's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes

Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition to thee
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say—'Be 't so,'
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—'No!'

Tro. Come, to the port.—I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Cressida, *and* Diomedes.

[*Trumpet sounded.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set out

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appallèd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spheréd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, *with* CRESSIDA

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nes. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'T were better she were kissed in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popped Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man: give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 't is true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 't is due.
Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word:—I 'll bring you to your father. [DIOMEDES *leads out* CRESSIDA.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader,—set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other Trojans, with Attendants*

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath.
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st: awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more.—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say—'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earnéd in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable—
On whose bright crest Fame with her loudest *Oyez*
Cries, 'This is he!'—could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As seld I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear,
What 's past and what 's to come is strewed with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strained purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To* Troilus.] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove;
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still locked in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire;

And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'T is the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
Thou hast so long walked hand in hand with time.—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !
By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue ;
My prophecy 's but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,

Yond towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;

But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blessed gods, proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't;
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but* Troilus *and* Ulysses.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES

Achil. How now, thou core of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the

tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I 'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here 's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus —Heyday! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, *and* Diomedes, *with lights*

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is ;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector : welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught : sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*Aside to* TROILUS.] Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent:

I 'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*

Achil. Come, come; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I 'll after. —Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them,* THERSITES

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she 's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember.

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pry'thee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!—
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.—
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O withered truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.—
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.—
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek?

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together? Fry, lechery, fry!—

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.— [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.—

Tro. O beauty, where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly, I will.—

Cres. You look upon that sleeve: behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!—
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.—
Tro. I did swear patience.—
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith, you shall not;
I 'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cres. 'T is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.—
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.—
Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.—
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err. Oh, then conclude,
Minds swayed by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, 'My mind is now turned whore.'

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers: do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance; strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulgéd well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.
Hark, Greek;—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear in his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stainéd name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. — My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulysses.

Ther. [*Coming forward.*] Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give

me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace

Enter Hector and Andromache

And. When was my lord so much ungently tempered,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:
By all the everlasting gods I 'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister, armed and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamed
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venomed vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. O Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalléd with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA *with* PRIAM

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back:
Thy wife hath dreamed; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,

Even in the faith of valour to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks one another meet,
And all cry—'Hector!' 'Hector's dead!' O Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself, and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell, the gods with safety stand about thee.

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR.

[*Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*

Enter PANDARUS

Pan. Do you, hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and

now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill-opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following*

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeveless!

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting*.

Enter HECTOR

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee:—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me!

What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle;—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—The Same

Enter Diomedes *and a Servant*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take 'thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashéd corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas deadly hurt:
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he 's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaléd sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is armed, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field

Enter AJAX

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well.—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter TROILUS

How now, my brother?

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Plain

Enter ACHILLES, *with Myrmidons*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then,* THERSITES

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I

am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—Another Part of the Plain

Enter Hector

Hect. Most putrefiéd core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and lays his sword aside.*

Enter Achilles *and Myrmidons*

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike: this is the man I seek. [HECTOR *falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
[*A retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separate.
My half-supped sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheathes his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—The Same

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector 's slain!
Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector 's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE X.—Another part of the Field

Enter ÆNEAS *and Trojan forces*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home: here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragged through the shameful field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and Trojan Forces.*

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones. —O, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see.—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in arméd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:
As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galléd goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

NOTES

Prol. p. 28. **A prologue arméd.**—The speaker of this prologue wore a suit of armour instead of the usual black cloak.

Prol. p. 28. **Not in confidence of author's pen or actor's voice.**—Neither intending to vaunt the merits of the play nor of the actors, but to harmonise with the warlike 'argument.'

I. i. p. 31. **That her hand.**—That hand of hers.

I. i. p. 31. **Spirit of sense.** — The finest sensibility of touch.

I. i. p. 33. **Our Ilium.**—*Ilium*, properly the name of the city, is here used for the royal palace of Priam as distinguished from the town of Troy.

I. ii. p. 39. **A merry Greek.**—A proverbial name in Elizabethan times for a reveller; the Romans commonly regarded the Greeks as addicted to luxury and frivolity.

I. ii. p. 40. **A cloud in autumn**—*i.e.* a cloud foretelling bad weather.

I. ii. p. 46. **I'll be with you . . . . To bring ?**—An idiomatic phrase equivalent to 'I'll give as good as I get,' 'I'll be even with you.'

I. ii. p. 47. **Achievement is command; ungained, beseech.**—'Our hearts once gained, we are commanded; ungained, we are besought.'

I. iii. p. 48. **Trial did draw bias and thwart.**—Every effort we have made has been turned aside and thwarted.

I. iii. p. 49. **Perseus' horse.**—The winged horse, Pegasus, which sprang to life from the blood of the Gorgon Medusa, when Perseus cut off her head to present it to King Polydectes. According to Ovid, Pegasus bore Perseus 'over the sea like a bird' to the rescue of Andromeda. *The two moist elements, i.e.* air and water (the sea); alluding to the old belief that man is compounded of the four elements,—earth, air, fire, and water.

I. iii. p. 57. **Jove's accord, nothing so full of heart.**—Being favoured by Jove, nothing can equal their valour.

I. iii. p. 62. **Which entertained.**—Which opinion confidently held.

II. i. p. 65. **Plague of Greece.** — Probably alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army; described in the commencement of Homer's *Iliad.*

II. ii. p. 74. **An old aunt.**—Hesione, sister to Priam. Hercules, when he rescued her, being refused his promised reward for so doing, carried her away from Troy to Greece, and gave her in marriage to his friend Telamon, by whom she became the mother of Ajax.

II. ii. p. 75. **Our fire-brand brother, Paris.**—Hecuba, before the birth of Paris, dreamt that she would bear a fire-brand which would consume Troy.

II. ii. p. 77. **Aristotle thought.**—Rowe and Pope proposed to avoid the anachronism by substituting 'graver sages think.' Aristotle's prohibition related to politics, not to moral philosophy; but Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, Book ii., published in 1605, makes the same mistake.

II. ii. p. 78. **More deaf than adders.** — Shakspere several times refers to the common error that adders were deaf.

II. iii. p. 85. **Than in the note of judgment.**—Than men of mature judgment know him to be.

II. iii. p. 87. **Kingdomed Achilles.**—Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. p. 46:

> 'The state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.'

III. ii. p. 101. **Rub on and kiss the mistress.**—Terms in the game of bowls; the '*mistress*' (or jack) is the bowl aimed at; to successfully '*rub on*' (*i.e.* overcome 'obstacles') and '*kiss*' the jack, is to gain an important advantage.

III. ii. p. 101. **The falcon as the tercel.**—The female hawk is as good for hunting as the male.

III. iii. p. 108. **Through the sight I bear in things to love.**—'Through my peculiar intuition as to what is worth loving.' Johnson proposed 'Jove' for '*love*'; reading: 'through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandoned Troy'; but this erroneously implies that Jove favoured the Greeks.

III. iii. p. 109. **In right great exchange.**—In exchange for a Trojan prisoner of notable distinction.

III. iii. p. 109. **Most accepted pain.**—Trouble that I have undergone most willingly.

III. iii. p. 114. **Play the idiot in her eyes.**—Dally aimlessly in the sphere of her favour.

III. iii. p. 117. **One of Priam's daughters.**—Polyxena, who was killed by Paris at her wedding with Achilles.

IV. v. p. 147. **Neoptolemus.**—Achilles. The name of Achilles' son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, which is here apparently applied to the hero himself. Lydgate mentions a Neoptolemus among the Greek warriors in the *Troy-boke*, from which Shakspere may have borrowed the name. Pyrrhus cannot be intended, as he is but a boy and 'still at home' (III. iii. p. 117).

V. i. p. 155. **Rotten diseases of the south.**—All kinds of noxious vapours and diseases were believed to be borne upon the south wind.

V. ii. p. 167. **If there be rule in unity itself.**—If one be one.

V. iii. p. 172. **Better befits a lion than a man.**—Alluding to the many traditions of the lion's forbearance towards any helpless victim. Pliny says that the lion 'spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him.'

V. v. p. 179. **The dreadful Sagittary.**—The Centaur archer who wrought havoc amongst the Greeks, described by Lydgate in the *Troy-boke*, on the authority of Guido Colonna. Caxton, in his *History of the Destruction of Troy*, writes:—'Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne came an anncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophess, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *Sagittayre*, that behynde the myddes was a horse, and to fore, a man; this beste was heery like a horse, and had his eyen red as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe; this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.' (Also see the forthcoming Part II. of Dr. Bergen's edition of the *Troy Book* for the Early English Text Society.)

V. x. p. 188. **Painted cloths.**—Wall hangings, decorated with water-colour pictures, often with mottoes and maxims painted as if proceeding from the mouths of the figures.

V. x. p. 188. **Goose of Winchester.**—Harlot. The brothels of London in Shakspere's time were under the jurisdiction and taxation of the Bishop of Winchester.

GLOSSARY

'A: he. I. ii. p. 43.
Abject in regard: worthless in estimation. III. iii. p. 114.
Abruption: breaking off. III. ii. p. 102.
Accosting: wooing. IV. v. p. 143.
Adamant: the loadstone (in the sense of 'magnet'). III. ii. p. 107.
Addition: title. II. iii. p. 91.
Additions: attributes, virtues. I. ii. p. 35.
Address: prepare. IV. iv. p. 139.
Advértised: informed. II. ii. p. 79.
Affection: passion. II. ii. p. 78.
Affined: related. I. iii. p. 48.
Affronted: confronted, responded to. III. ii. p. 106.
Against: in anticipation of. I. ii. p. 42.
Aibeit: although. III. ii. p. 105.
Allow: accept. III. ii. p. 103.
Allowance: acknowledgment. I. iii. p. 63.
Amazed: bewildered. V. iii. p. 90.
An: if. I. i. p. 32.
Anchises: the father of Æneas. IV. i. p. 123.
Anticks: buffoons. V. iii. p. 174.
Appear it: let it appear. III. iii. p. 108.
Appertainments: prerogatives of our state. II. iii. p. 83.
Apply: interpret. I. iii. p. 49.
Appointment: equipment. IV. v. p. 140.
Apprehensions: perception, understanding. II. iii. p. 85.
Approve: prove. III. ii. p. 106.
Aquilon: the North Wind. IV. v. p. 140.
Argument: the subject of the play. Prol. p. 28.
Argus: the fabulous monster with a hundred eyes, who was slain by Juno for failing in watchfulness, and whose eyes were afterwards set in the tails of her peacocks. I. ii. p. 35.
Ariachne: Arachne, the spider. V. ii. p. 168.
Artist: scholar. I. iii. p. 48.
Aspécts: influences. I. iii. p. 51.
Assinigo: ass. II. i. p. 66.
Assubjugate: debase. II. iii. p. 88.
Attached: "be half —— with," feel at heart half. V. ii. p. 168.
Attachment: arrest, abeyance. IV. ii. p. 126.
Attaint: taint, fault. I. ii. p. 35.
Attest: call to witness. II. ii. p. 76; testimony. V. ii. p. 166.
Attribute: merit. II. iii. p. 85.
Barks: ships. Prol. p. 28.
Batch: loaf. V. i. p. 155.
Battle: army. III. ii. p. 100.
Beam: heavy lance. V. v. p. 178.
Beastly sort: like a beast. V. x. p. 186.
Beaver: helmet. I. iii. p. 60.
Beef-witted: gross, dense. II. i. p. 65.
Bestowing: use, activity. III. ii. p. 100.
Better: (quibblingly) to be a better man. III. i. p. 92.

Bias: "draw ——," swerve aside (a term in bowls for a bowl weighted on one side, and so made to swerve in a particular direction). I. iii. p. 48. (*See* Notes); "sphered ——," distended beyond the normal fulness as the weighted side of a *bias* protrudes from its sphere. IV. v. p. 140.

Bias drawing: swerving aside. IV. v. p. 148.

Bi-fold: two-fold. V. ii. p. 167.

Blank of danger: blank charter in which (being already sealed) danger can write its worst possibilities. III. iii. p. 118.

Blench: turn aside, repudiate. II. ii. p. 73.

Blood: passions. II. iii. p. 81.

Blown up: ripened, matured. I. iii. p. 61.

Bob: cheat, trick. III. i. p. 95.

Bobbed: tapped. II. i. p. 67.

Bode: talk ominously. V. ii. p. 169.

Bodements: forebodings. V. iii. p. 174.

Bolting: sifting. I. i. p. 29.

Boot: into the bargain. I. ii. p. 45; something into the bargain. IV. v. p. 142.

Boreas: the North Wind. I. iii. p. 49.

Bought and sold: befooled. II. i. p. 66.

Boy-queller: boy-killer. V. v. p. 180.

Brach: female hound, bitch. II. i. p. 69.

Brave: gorgeous. Prol. p. 28; defiant manner, bravado. IV. iv. p. 139.

Bravely: splendidly. I. ii. p. 42.

Brawn: arm. I. iii. p. 60.

Breath: constitutional. II. iii. p. 85.

Breese: gadfly. I. iii. p. 49.

Briareus: the son of Cœlus and Terra, a mythological giant having a hundred hands. He fought for Zeus against the Titans. I. ii. p. 35.

Broad: puffed with pride. I. iii. p. 55.

Broils: revels, is fatuously delighted. I. iii. p. 63.

Broken music: in distinction from 'consort' music performed by certain sets of four instruments; the addition or substitution of another instrument, breaking up the consort, makes '*broken music.*' III. i. p. 94.

Broken tears: interrupted weeping. IV. iv. p. 155.

Brotherhoods: councils, associations. I. iii. p. 52.

Bruit: rumour. V. ix. p. 186.

Brushes: dangers. V. iii. p. 172.

Buss: kiss. IV. v. p. 151.

Butt: "ruinous ——," decayed cask. V. i. p. 156.

By God's lid: 'By God's eye,' an oath. I. ii. p. 43.

Caduceus: Mercury's rod entwined with serpents. II. iii. p. 80.

Cancer: one of the signs of the zodiac, into which the sun enters on the 21st June—the summer solstice. II. iii. p. 88.

Capable: intelligent. III. iii. p. 110.

Capocchia: simpleton, fool (a feminine form of Ital. *capocchio*). IV. ii. p. 128.

Captive: vanquished. V. iii. p. 172.

Carry: carry off. V. vi. p. 182.

Catlings: catgut strings. III. iii. p. 121.

Centre: the earth, the centre round which, according to Ptolemy, the planets revolve. I. iii. p. 51.

Chafe thee: get angry. IV. v. p. 153.

Chance: does it happen. III. i. p. 98.

Changeful: unstable, fallible. IV. iv. p. 137.

Change of: exchange for. III. iii. p. 109.

Chapmen: purchasers. IV. i. p. 126.

Charácterless: without record. III. ii. p. 107.
Characters: figures, numbers (v. *grossness*). I. iii. p. 61.
Charge: cost. IV. i. p. 125; "on ——," by command. IV. iv. p. 139.
Charon: the ferryman over the river Styx in Hades. III. ii. p. 99.
Circumstance: detailed explanation. III. iii. p. 113.
Cliff: clef, key (in music). V. ii. p. 160.
Clotpoles: blockheads. II. i. p. 69.
Cobloaf: a crusty uneven loaf with a round top. II. i. p. 66.
Cogging: deceitful. V. vi. p. 181.
Cognition: perception. V. ii. p. 163.
Compare: "big ——," exaggerated comparisons. III. ii. p. 106.
Compassed window: bow window. I. ii. p. 39.
Composure: bond. II. iii. p. 84.
Con: learn by heart. II. i. p. 65.
Conceit: imagination. I. iii. p. 54.
Concupy: concupiscence. V. ii. p. 169.
Condition: on condition of his being so. I. ii. p. 37.
Conduce: "doth ——," is 'joined,' doth surge together. V. ii. p. 167.
Conjure: raise spirits. V. ii. p. 166.
Constringed: drawn violently together. V. ii. p. 169.
Convince: convict. II. ii. p. 76.
Convive: feast. IV. v. p. 153.
Coped: encountered. I. ii. p. 36.
Core: ulcer. II. i. p. 64.
Cormorant: devouring. II. ii. p. 70.
Cousin: niece (used for any relation, male or female). I. ii. p. 36.
Creep in: sidle into. III. iii. p. 114.
Crownets: coronets. Prol. p. 27.
Crushed into: mixed with. I. ii. p. 35.
Cunning: powerful. III. ii. p. 105.
Curious: anxiety-causing. III. ii. p. 102.
Daphne: one of Diana's nymphs, who was changed into a laurel to protect her from the pursuit of Apollo. I. i. p. 33.
Date: the date was commonly used in Elizabethan cookery. I. ii. p. 45.
Daws: jackdaws. I. ii. p. 45.
Days: "by ——," every day. IV. i. p. 123.
Dear: earnest. V. iii. p. 170.
Dear'st: most highly valued. I. iii. p. 61.
Death-tokens: the spots which indicate the approaching death of plague-stricken persons. II. iii. p. 88.
Deceptions: deceptive, unreliable. V. ii. p. 166.
Decline: run through from beginning to end. II. iii. p. 82; fall. IV. v. p. 149.
Declined: fallen. IV. v. p. 149.
Deem: idea, supposition. IV. iv. p. 135.
Depravation: detraction. V. ii. p. 167.
Deputation: "thy topless ——," the supreme control deputed to you. I. iii. p. 54.
Deracinate: tear up by the roots. I. iii. p. 52.
Derive: deduce. II. iii. p. 82.
Destiny: "labouring for ——," as vicegerent of fate. IV. v. p. 149.
Dexter: right. IV. v. p. 146.
Diana's waiting women: the stars, attendant upon Diana (the moon). V. ii. p. 165.
Directive: subject to direction. I. iii. p. 62.
Discourse: reasoning. V. ii. p. 167.
Discovered: explained. I. iii. p. 53.

Discoveries: probably used for 'monstrous abuses.' V. i. p. 156.
Dismes: tenths. II. ii. p. 71.
Disorbed: flying from its orbit (cf. '*centre*.'). II. ii. p. 72.
Dispose: intention, determination. II. iii. p. 87.
Disposer: one who has the control over another. III. i. p. 96.
Distains: sullies, taints. I. iii. p. 57.
Distaste: dislike. II. ii. p. 73; spoil. II. ii. p. 76.
Distraction: "great ——," maddening trouble. V. ii. p. 162.
Dividable: widely parted. I. iii. p. 52.
Double-henned: probably 'double-dealing hen,' *i.e.* having two cocks. V. vii. p. 183.
Drave: incited. III. iii. p. 116.
Drest: addressed, about to make. I. iii. p. 54.
Dwells: "much opinion ——," much reputation is at stake. I. iii. p. 61.
Edge: sword. V. v. p. 179.
Eld: age. II. ii. p. 75.
Embrasures: embraces. IV. iv. p. 134.
Emulous: envious. III. iii. p. 116.
Encounterers: forward hussies. IV. v. p. 143.
Engendering: spawn. II. iii. p. 87.
Engine: instrument. II. iii. p. 86.
Enginer: pioneer. II. iii. p. 80.
Entreat: treat. IV. iv. p. 138; invite. IV. v. p. 153.
Envy: malice. III. ii. p. 103.
Errant: turned aside. I. iii. p. 48.
Errors: "words and ——," deceptive words. V. iii. p. 176.
Exact: "severals and generals of grace ——," the least of our individual and collective graces. I. iii p. 55.
Excitements: incitements. I. iii. p. 55.
Exclaim: outcry. V. iii. p. 175.
Expect: expectation. I. iii. p. 50.
Exposure: power of resisting the attacks to which we are exposed. I. iii. p. 55.
Expressure: expression. III. iii. p. 117.
Faction: union. II. iii. p. 84.
Fair: well. IV. iv. p. 133.
Fancy: love. IV. iv. p. 134; V. ii. p. 168.
Fasting: resting in self-satisfaction. III. iii. p. 114.
Fat: feed, nourish. II. ii. p. 72.
Favour: face. I. ii. p. 38.
Fee-farm: "in ——," of perpetual ownership, of endless duration (legal term). III. ii. p. 101.
Fell: fierce. IV. v. p. 153.
Fills: shafts. III. ii. p. 101.
Fitchew: polecat. V. i. p. 156.
Fits: capriciously, 'by fits and starts,' with quibble on the musical sense of '*fit*' = the division of a song or tune. III. i. p. 94.
Fixure: fixity, stability. I. iii. p. 52.
Flat tamed: stale. IV. i. p. 125.
Fled: have fled. I. iii. p. 49.
Flexure: bending. (It was generally supposed that the elephant could not bend its knees.) II. iii. p. 84.
Flood: ocean. I. i. p. 33; in full vigour. I. iii. p. 60.
Fonder: more foolish. I. i. p. 29.
Force: stuff. II. iii. p. 90.
Forced: stuffed. V. i. p. 156.
For telling: lest you tell. I. ii. p. 46.
Forthright: straight path. III. iii. p. 115.
Fraction: split, breach. II. iii. p. 84.
Fraughtage: freight. Prol. p. 28.
Frayed with: scared by. III. ii. p. 100.
Free: generous. IV. v. p. 147.
Frush: bruise, damage. V. vi. p. 182.

Fulfilling: closely joined. Prol. p. 28.
Full: "in the ——," unitedly, together. IV. v. p. 153.
Fusty: mouldy. I. iii. p. 54.
Gaging: binding. V. i. p. 156.
Gear: matter. I. i. p. 29.
Genius: attendant spirit. IV. iv. p. 155.
Glozed: vented empty rhetoric. II. ii. p. 77.
Gored: "shrewdly ——," severely hurt, badly damaged. III. iii. p. 118.
Gorget: throat armour. I. iii. p. 54.
Gracious: sacred. II. ii. p. 76.
Grated: ground. III. ii. p. 107.
Great morning: broad day (Fr., *grand jour*). IV. iii. p. 132.
Grossness: bulk (alluding figuratively to the challenge which, though expressed in general terms, really aims at Achilles only). I. iii. p. 61.
Hair: 'grain' (*i.e.* 'unseasonably'). I. ii. p. 35.
Hale: haul, drag. IV. v. p. 140.
Hamstring: the tendon of the knee-joint. I. iii. p. 54.
Hardiment: hardihood. IV. v. p. 141.
Hare-hearts: timid hearts. II. ii. p. 72.
Hatched in silver: silver-haired; a figure from the *hatching* of fine silver lines as a groundwork in ornamental engraving. I. iii. p. 50.
Hateful: full of hate. IV. i. p. 124.
Have at thee: guard yourself. V. iv. p. 177.
Having: qualities. III. iii. p. 113.
Heaving spleens: throbbing anger, passion. II. ii. p. 79.
Holding: "the ——," to keep. II. ii. p. 72.
Holds you well: esteems you highly. II. iii. p. 88.
Honesty: chastity. I. ii. p. 46.
Hot: rash. V. iii. p. 171.
Humorous: capricious. II. iii. p. 85.
Humours: capricious fancies. I. ii. p. 35.
Hurricano: water-spout. V. ii. p. 168.
Husbandry: thrift. I. ii. p. 34.
Hyperion: the sun-god. II. iii. p. 88.
Idle: useless. V. i. p. 156.
Ignomy: ignominy. V. x. p. 188.
Ilion: Troy. II. ii. p. 75.
Immaterial: worthless. V. i. p. 156.
Immures: encompassing walls. Prol. p. 28.
Impare: ill-considered, immature. IV. v. p. 145.
Imperious: imperial. IV. v. p. 148.
Imposition enough: great enough tasks. III. ii. p. 102.
Impressure: impression. IV. v. p. 146.
Imputation: reputation. I. iii. p. 62.
In: in the opinion of. II. ii. p. 73; within, in thought. III. iii. p. 113.
Inches: "to his ——," 'to a turn,' perfectly. IV. v. p. 145.
Includes itself in: finds its end in. I. iii. p. 52.
Indistinguishable: mongrel, of no special breed. V. i. p. 156.
Indrenched: immersed. I. i. p. 31.
Infect: infected. I. iii. p. 55.
Infinite: infinity. II. ii. p. 71.
Inseparate: indivisible. V. ii. p. 168.
Insisture: consistency of movement. I. iii. p. 51.
Instance: proof. V. ii. p. 168.
Instances: reasons. I. iii. p. 51.
Instant: "take the —— way," comply with the requirements of the time. III. iii. p. 115.
Keep: dwell. IV. v. p. 153.
Ken: recognise. IV. v. p. 140.

Kind: "observing ——," obsequious manner. II. iii. p. 85.
Last: finally. I. iii. p. 53.
Lavolt: an animated dance in which jumping occurred. IV. iv. p. 137.
Lazars: lepers. II. iii. p. 81.
Learn: tell, recite to. II. i. p. 65.
Leave to see: give up seeing. V. i. p. 159.
Let . . blood: bleed. II. iii. p. 89.
Libya: the African desert. I. iii. p. 61.
Lifter: thief (quibblingly). I. ii. p. 39.
Light: quickly. I. ii. p. 34.
Like: likely. III. iii. p. 110.
Likes not: displeases. V. ii. p. 165.
Lime-kilns: gouty lumps. V. i. p. 155.
Look upon: look on, be a spectator. V. vi. p. 181.
Lunes: freaks. II. iii. p. 85.
Lust: pleasure. IV. iv. p. 139.
Lustihood: vigorous spirits. II. ii. p. 72.
Luxurious: lustful. V. iv. p. 176.
Luxury: lust. V. ii. p. 163.
Maiden: *i.e.* bloodless (no blow being struck). IV. v. p. 144.
Main of power: utmost. II. iii. p. 91.
Manage: control. III. iii. p. 109.
Mars his helm: Mars's helmet. IV. v. p. 152.
Mastic: scurrilous (Lat. *mastigia* = a scoundrel). I. iii. p. 50.
Match: "I'll make my —— to live," I'll wager my life. IV. v. p. 142.
Matter: business. IV. ii. p. 129.
May: can, 'is it likely that.' V. ii. p. 168.
Means not, hath not: means not to be, hath not been. I. iii. p. 59.
Med'cinable: medicinal, healing. I. iii. p. 51.
Mends: "she has the —— in her own hands," she must make the best of it. I. i. p. 32.
Millstones: *i.e.* she was entirely unmoved, did not weep at all. I. ii. p. 40.
Milo: the famous Greek athlete, said to have carried a bull on his shoulders. II. iii. p. 91.
Mirable: admirable. IV. v. p. 147.
Miscarrying: being slain. I. iii. p. 62.
Misprising: underrating. IV. v. p. 144.
Moiety: half, part. II. ii. p. 75.
Monumental: memorial. III. iii. p. 115.
Moral: meaning. IV. iv. p. 138.
Motive: instrument of motion, limb. IV. v. p. 143.
Multipotent: almighty. IV. v. p. 146.
Myrmidon: "the great ——," Achilles, chieftain of the Myrmidons, whom he led to the Trojan War. I. iii. p. 63.
Nail: finger-nail. IV. v. p. 142.
Neglection: neglect. I. iii. p. 53.
Nice: accurate. IV. v. p. 152.
Nod: "give you the ——," a term from the old game of cards called Noddy. '*Nod*' also meant 'fool,' hence 'call you a fool.' I. ii. p. 43.
Noise: report. I. ii. p. 35.
Oblique: indirect, veiled, covert. V. i. p. 157.
Odd: at odds. IV. v. p. 153.
Oddly: "shall be —— poised," will weigh unequally, will be unduly affected. I. iii. p. 62.
O'er-eaten: nibbled on all sides. V. ii. p. 168.
O'ergalléd: inflamed. V. iii. p. 173.
O'er-wrested: exaggerated. I. iii. p. 54.
Of: by. I. i. p. 32.
Opinion: reputation. I. iii. p. 61; I. iii. p. 63; conceit, pride. III. iii. p. 120.
Oppugnancy: "mere ——," absolute antagonism. I. iii. p. 52.

Orchard: garden. III. ii. p. 100.
Orgulous: haughty. Prol. p. 27.
Orts: remnants. V. ii. p. 168.
Owes: owns. III. iii. p. 113.
Oyez: Listen! Hark! The public crier's summons to hear an announcement. IV. v. p. 147.
Pace: step; "first ——," the example of the first officer. I. iii. p. 53.
Pageants: mimics. I. iii. p. 54.
Palating: tasting, perceiving. IV. i. p. 125.
Palm: the victor's wreath. II. iii. p. 88.
Palter: shuffle. II. iii. p. 90.
Paradoxes: contradictions, absurdities. I. iii. p. 55.
Parallels: "extremest ends of ——," without any approach to a parallelism. I. iii. p. 54.
Pard: leopard. III. ii. p. 107.
Part: party. I. iii. p. 62.
Parted: "how dearly ever ——," however richly endowed with qualities. III. iii. p. 113.
Partial indulgence: indulgence to which they are drawn by inclination. II. ii. p. 78.
Particular: person. II. ii. p. 70; individual (quibblingly). IV. v. p. 141.
Parts: qualities, gifts. II. iii. p. 90; III. iii. p. 113.
Pash: smash. II. iii. p. 89.
Pashéd: battered down. V. v. p. 178.
Pass: experience. II. ii. p. 76.
Passed: exceeded all bounds (Cressida answers quibbling on the sense 'passed off'). I. ii. p. 41.
Patchery: botching, clumsy hypocrisy. II. iii. p. 83.
Peevish: foolish. V. iii. p. 171.
Pelting: paltry. IV. v. p. 153.
Performance: indulgence. II. ii. p. 79.
Per se: by himself, used for 'matchless.' I. ii. p. 35.
Perseus' horse: the winged horse, Pegasus. I. iii. p. 49. (*See* Notes.)
Persistive: persistent. I. iii. p. 48.
Person: "a proper man of ——," a man of handsome appearance. I. ii. p. 42; personal appearance. IV. iv. p. 136.
Pertly: impudently. IV. v. p. 150.
Pheese: drive out, buffet (cf. '*Taming of the Shrew.*' *Induc.*, p. 21). II. iii. p. 89.
Pia mater: brain (properly the membrane covering the brain). II. i. p. 67.
Piece: creature. IV. ii. p. 125.
Placket: woman, 'petticoat. (properly part of woman's dress). II. iii. p. 80.
Plantage: vegetation (which was believed to grow and decline with the waxing and waning of the moon). III. ii. p. 106.
Point: "at ample ——," in full measure. III. iii. p. 112.
Politic regard: knowing look. III. iii. p. 119.
Porpend: incline. II. ii. p. 78.
Porpentine: porcupine. II. i. p. 65.
Port: gate of Troy. IV. iv. p. 138.
Possess: inform. IV. iv. p. 138.
Power: armed force. I. iii. p. 52.
Pregnant: apt, ready. IV. iv. p. 137.
Prenominate: foretell. IV. v. p. 152.
Presented: represented, exhibited. III. ii. p. 102.
Presently: immediately. II. iii. p. 86.
Pricks: points. I. iii. p. 62.
Primogenitive: right of primogeniture (*i.e.* the first-born). I. iii. p. 52.
Private soul: "with ——," confidentially and with deep conviction. IV. v. p. 145.
Prodigious: portentous. V. i. p. 159.

Proof: "—— of strength . . . more," stronger proof. V. ii. p. 166; the thing proved. V. v. p. 179.

Propension: a form of 'propensity,' inclination. II. ii. p. 76.

Proper: own. II. ii. p. 74.

Propugnation: power of defence. II. ii. p. 76.

Publication: announcement of the challenge. I. iii. p. 61.

Pun: pound. II. i. p. 66.

Puttock: kite. V. i. p. 157.

Quality: reason, cause. IV. i. p. 124.

Question: intercourse. IV. i. p. 123.

Rank: rankly, immoderately. I. iii. p. 55.

Ransacked: stolen, kidnapped. II. ii. p. 77.

Rape: seizure. II. ii. p. 77.

Rash: pressing. IV. ii. p. 129.

Reck: care. V. vi. p. 182.

Recordation: recollection, "to make a —— to my soul," to recall to mind. V. ii. p. 166.

Recourse: continual flowing. V. iii. p. 173.

Rein: "in such a ——,' so highly bridled up. I. iii. p. 55.

Rejoindure: meeting again. IV. iv. p. 134.

Relation: report. III. iii. p. 117.

Reproof: buffeting. I. iii. p. 49.

Repuréd: refined, distilled. III. ii. p. 100.

Respect: consideration, 'second thought.' II. ii. p. 72.

Retire: retreat. V. iii. p. 173.

Rheum: watering. V. iii. p. 175.

Ribald: noisy. IV. ii. p. 126.

Right: 'to a turn.' I. iii. p. 54.

Rive: be riven. I. i. p. 30.

Roisting: swaggering, blustering. II. ii. p. 79.

Roundly: plainly. III. ii. p. 105.

Ruth: pity. V. iii. p. 172.

Ruthful: pitiful, *i.e.* cruel, relentless. V. iii. p. 172.

Sacred: royal (a general epithet of royalty). IV. v. p. 147.

Sagittary. The Centaur. V. v. p. 179. (*See* Notes.)

Salt: bitter. I. iii. p. 63.

Sans: without. II. iii. p. 94.

Savage strangeness: haughty, insolent aloofness. II. iii. p. 85.

Scaffoldage: the woodwork of the stage. I. iii. p. 54.

Scaléd sculls: shoals of fish. V. v. p. 179.

Scantling: small measure. I. iii. p. 62.

Scar: wound. I. i. p. 34.

Seam: lard, grease. II. iii. p. 88.

Secure: over-confident. II. ii. p. 71.

Securely: over-confidently. IV. v. p. 144.

See: see each other. IV. iv. p. 135.

Seeming: exhibition, pretence. I. iii. p. 54.

Seld: seldom. IV. v. p. 147.

Self-admission: according to his own fancy. II. iii. p. 87.

Self-affected: self-loving. II. iii. p. 90.

Self-breath: his own words. II. iii. p. 87.

Seizure: clasp. I. i. p. 31.

Sennet: a certain set of notes on the trumpet or cornet. From Old Fr. *signet*, and Lat. *signum*, a sign, used in stage directions as a signal of arrival and departure. I. iii. p. 47.

Sequestering: relinquishing. III. iii. p. 109.

Serpigo: an eruption of the skin. II. iii. p. 83.

Severally: separately. IV. v. p. 153.

'Sfoot: corruption of 'By God's foot,' an oath. II. iii. p. 80.

Shent: abused. II. iii. p. 83.

Shipmen: seamen, sailors. V. ii. p. 168.

Short-armed: not capable of reaching far. II. iii. p. 80.

Sick: envious. I. iii. p. 53.

Sieve: voider, receptacle for waste (the word '*unrespective*' applies more appropriately to Delius' conj. *sink*). II. ii. p. 73.

Sinister: left. IV. v. p. 146.
Sith: since. I. iii. p. 48.
Skilless: ignorant. I. i. p. 29.
Sleave silk: soft floss silk used for weaving. V. i. p. 156.
Sleeveless: fruitless. V. iv. p. 176.
Sluttish: unchaste. IV. v. p. 143.
Smile: i.e. in derision. V. x. p. 187.
Soilure: stain. IV. i. p. 125.
Sometime: sometimes. I. iii. p. 54.
Sort: lot. I. iii. p. 63.
Sorts: fits the occasion. I. i. p. 33.
Specialty: supreme necessity. I. iii. p. 51.
Speculation: vision. III. iii. p. 113.
Spend his mouth: bark. V. i. p. 159.
Sperr: fasten, barricade. Prol. p. 28.
Spleen: convulsion of laughter (the *spleen* was regarded as the seat of laughter as well as of anger). I. iii. p. 55; "weakest ——," mildest temper. II. ii. p. 76.
Splinter: splintering. I. iii. p. 59.
Square: judge. V. ii. p. 167.
Stale: lower, degrade. II. iii. p. 88.
Starts: startles. V. ii. p. 165.
State: retinue of heroes. II. iii. p. 84.
Stickler-like: like an arbitrator in a combat. V. viii. p. 185.
Still: always, continually. IV. v. p. 149.
Stithied: forged. IV. v. p. 152.
Stomach: courage. II. i. p. 69; inclination. IV. v. p. 153.
Straight: straightway, immediately. III. ii. p. 100.
Strain: "make no ——," have no doubt. I. iii. p. 61.
Strange: distant, reserved. II. iii. p. 99.
Strawy: like straw. V. v. p. 179.
Stretched: exaggerated, bombastic. I. iii. p. 54.
Stygian banks: banks of the Styx, a river of Hades (v. '*Charon*'). III. ii. p. 99.
Subduements: "forfeits and ——," lives that were at your mercy, and assailants in your power. IV. v. p. 149.
Subscribes: yields. IV. v. p. 145.
Substance: wealth. I. iii. p. 61.
Success: result, issue. I. iii. p. 62.
Sufferance: suffering. I. i. p. 30.
Suffocate: suffocated. I. iii. p. 53.
Suppose: expectation. I. iii. p. 48.
Swath: the grass that falls under one stroke of the scythe in mowing. V. v. p. 179.
Sweat: the sweating-tub was a recognised form of 'cure' for venereal disease. V. x. p. 189.
Tables: tablets. IV. v. p. 143.
Tabourines: drums. IV. v. p. 153.
Tarre . . . on: incite. I. iii. p. 64.
Tent: surgical probe. II. ii. p. 71.
Tercel: male hawk. III. ii. p. 101. (*See* Notes.)
Tetchy: irritable. I. i. p. 33.
Thetis: a sea-goddess (here confounded with Tethys, the wife of Oceanus). I. iii. p. 49.
Thicker: quicker. III. ii. p. 100.
Throw my glove: challenge. IV. iv. p. 136.
Thwart: athwart, across. I. iii. p. 48. (*See* Notes.)
Tickle it: pay him out. V. ii. p. 169.
Ticklish: wanton, lascivious. v. p. 143.
Tide: due time. V. i. p. 159.
Tisick: phthisis, a wasting away. V. iii. p. 175.
Titan: the Sun-god. V. x. p. 187.
Tithe: tenth. II. ii. p. 71.

Glossary

Toast: probably 'sop,' the wafer floated in wine-cups at a wedding-feast (cf. '*sop*,' p. 52). I. iii. p. 49.
Tortive: twisted, distorted. I. iii. p. 48.
Traded: professional. II. ii. p. 73.
Train: entice. V. iii. p. 170.
Trumpet: trumpeter. I. iii. p. 58.
Turtle: turtle-dove. III. ii. p. 106.
Typhon: a fabulous giant who was imprisoned under Mount Etna by Jupiter, for attempting to usurp the throne of Olympus. I. iii. p. 54.
Uncomprehensive: unthinkable, unimaginable. III. iii. p. 117.
Undergo: undertake. III. ii. p. 102.
Underwrite: deferentially submit. II. iii. p. 85.
Ungracious: jarring, horrible. I. i. p. 33.
Unknown: having a reserve of qualities and powers not shown nor brought into play. III. iii. p. 114.
Unmingléd: (four syllables). I. iii. p. 49.
Unplausive: neglectful. III. iii. p. 110.
Unsquared: used at random. I. iii. p. 54.
Untraded: unhackneyed. IV. v. p. 149.
Unwholesome: dirty, nauseating. II. iii. p. 85.
Use: "dear in ——," of invaluable utility. III. iii. p. 114.
Use to beat: make a practice of beating. II. i. p. 66.
Vail: setting. V. viii. p. 184.
Vantbrace: armour for the arm. I. iii. p. 60.
Varlet: (?) harlot (arising from a fusion of *varlet* and *harlot*, Q., F. 1, 2, 3, have '*varlot*'). V. i. p. 155.
Vassalage: vassals. III. ii. p. 101.
Vaunt: beginnings. Prol. p. 28.
Venomous: malignant, those who practised black magic. IV. ii. p. 127.
Vents: outlets. V. iii. p. 174.
Very: mere. III. iii. p. 114.
Villain: used as a term of endearment. III. ii. p. 100.
Vindicative: vindictive. IV. v. p. 145.
Vinewed'st: mouldiest. II. i. p. 65.
Violenteth: rages. IV. iv. p. 133.
Virtuously: modestly (as becomes a virtuous man). II. iii. p. 85.
Vizarded: masked. I. iii. p. 51.
Voices: applause. I. iii. p. 63.
Waftage: passage. III. ii. p. 99.
Ward: guard, posture of defence. I. ii. p. 45.
'Ware: aware. IV. ii. p. 129.
Watched: kept from sleep (the practice in taming hawks). III. ii. p. 101.
Weather: "keeps the —— of," has control of (a nautical term for 'keeps to windward of'). V. iii. p. 171.
Weeds: garments. III. iii. p. 119.
Whom: which. III. iii. p. 117.
Wrest: tuning-key. III. iii. p. 109.
Yond: yonder. IV. v. p. 140.

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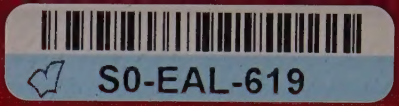
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